

THE FAMILY CIRCLE




ALICE BRADY... could well describe her acting career, in the words of another famous Alice, as "curiouser and curiouser." Dudley Early's "Versatile Lady" limns it

EDWARD G. ROBINSON... as "The Amazing Dr. Clithouse" administers, with the aid of Claire Trevor, a double dose of cinematic shivers. See review



MRS. JANET ROPER... gives a sweater and socks to one of "her boys." Her unique work is finding missing workmen, helping ones in trouble. See "Sailors' Sweetheart," page 14





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THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

(Continued from page 12)

the door, waiting for them to go. As soon as Laura heard the door in the hall close, she leaped to her feet. "That was very funny, Mr. Bowen!" she said tightly, "Very funny!" But she wasn't laughing. Her hand came up and she slapped Bill's cheek stingingly.

Laura felt her breath hurting inside her chest and her nostrils quivering. She said furiously, "A gag! Bill Bowen—movie star—gets small-time dancing teacher to give him lessons. It'll make a killing story to tell around Hollywood and New York, won't it? A great gag!"

Tears stung her eyes. "That was the cheapest, most contemptible trick I ever heard of. I—I hope you've had your laugh."

She turned and ran blindly into the hall, where she bumped into Bill's mother. "Why, what on earth—" Mrs. Bowen cried. Laura did not stop, but ran on to the door. She was struggling with the doorknob when Bill caught up with her.

Laura turned on him and said bitterly, "You—the best dancer in Hollywood—taking lessons from me! Oh, it is funny! Funny! You must have had a hard time keeping your face straight!"

Bill's strong hand grasped her arm. "Wait a minute!" he pleaded. "As Laura again furnished with the knob. 'Please wait—you've got to listen.'"

She jerked away. "Let me alone!"

"You must listen to me! I didn't mean anything! I—I wasn't trying to be funny. Gosh, Laura, postmen take walks on their days off and sailors go rowing and I always take dancing lessons. I didn't expect to fall in love with you! I tell you, I'd heard you were good. I—I even had an idea that if you were good enough—you might be interested in a job with me. I need a new dancing partner since Patsy Royall got married. For heaven's sake, Laura, listen to me!"

"Dancing lessons!" choked Laura, and she was so miserable that she wanted to die. "You—you look different in the movies, somehow. That's why I didn't recognize you. I did feel, though, that I'd seen you before."

"Yes," he said bitterly. "Your glamour me up, all right! Now listen, Laura, listen. I—I don't want to listen to a thing! Let me go!" But Bill didn't let Laura go. He held her close in his arms, and his hand lifted her chin. "Look at me!" he commanded. "Look! You know I wasn't laughing at you. I—I—Laura! Can't you see how much I love you? That's why I did it. I—I meant to tell you after a while. But then I couldn't."

Laura refused to be comforted. She wept. Her tossed head, from which her hair had been tossed against his chest. Her little fists punched at him ineffectually. "I hate you," she wailed. "You've made a laughing stock of me. I hate you!"

"I love you," said Bill. "I know you were to direct the charity show, and Mom said she thought I ought to offer you. . . . And then, when I came in and saw you—"

"You're a liar!" cried Laura. "Let me go." Mrs. Bowen, who had been standing petrified in the hall, now injected mildly, "No, Bill is no liar. I did tell him about the show, and then he went down to see you."

Bill's hand slipped into Laura's. He was explaining, "Dancing lessons—That's it. It was like a red flag to a bull. But I was going to talk about the revue. Really I was. But when I saw you . . . and you started to reach for your robe . . . and your hair was like butter . . . like sunshine . . ."

Laura made a moaning sound deep in her throat. Bill pleaded, "Darling, don't cry! Please don't cry. We'll do a number together for the revue. Don't cry."

"I'm not crying," sobbed Laura. "I hate you."

"That's all right," said Bill. "I hate you, too." And he kissed her.

ALICE BRADY

(Continued from page 17)

and her leading man was again Conrad Nagel. The play ran so long that she began to hate it intensely. During the run of it, she married for the first and, to date, the only time. Her husband was James L. Crane, son of the late Dr. Frank Crane, whose syndicated newspaper column was known to millions during his lifetime. But it was not a successful marriage. Alice and her husband were divorced after two years and a half. From the union there is one child, a boy. He is now 16 years old and attends a private school in the East. James L. Crane died a few years ago.

During Alice's married life, an incident occurred which shows clearly the demands of a theatrical career, if one takes such a career as seriously as Miss Brady obviously does.

Seven weeks before the birth of her son, Miss Brady was slightly injured in an automobile accident in which her chauffeur was killed. As a result of the shaking up which she received, her appendix became inflamed. She was in the middle of the run of a successful play, "Drifting," and being the star of the piece, Miss Brady did not want to leave the cast. So doctors packed her in ice and, ice-packed, she was carried to the theatre each day in time for the performance. It went on for seven days like that. On the seventh day, she was so weak and ill that she lost her balance when she went on stage. The leading man, Robert Warwick (now appearing in pictures), stepped right out of his part, rushed off stage, and came back with a stiff drink of whiskey. Miss Brady drank it without realizing what she was doing. Her doctor ordered her home and, protesting, Miss Brady stayed in bed until the birth of her child.

IN 1932 Miss Brady was discovered all over again for motion pictures. That discovery has its ironic side. Long considered one of Broadway's finest dramatic actresses, Miss Brady rose to new success in motion picture as a comedienne. It came about this way:

One day in 1932, Alice's father approached her with the idea of her being in a play with her stepmother Grace George, or Mom, as Alice calls her. Brady had the play. It was "Mademoiselle" by French dramatist Jacques Deval, the author of "Tovarich." There were two leading feminine roles in it—one dramatic, one comedic, the latter being a fluster-budget part. As Miss George had been a comedienne exclusively, and Miss Brady just as exclusively a dramatic actress, Brady wanted to experiment. The two would, therefore, switch roles. To make a long story short, they did, and the play had a fairly long run. But what surprised Alice Brady was the offers from Hollywood. "I had five in one day—the second day of the play's run," she told me. "I couldn't believe it."

Alice, however, accepted none of these offers until she had opened and closed in Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra," which was a triumph both for herself and for O'Neill. In connection with O'Neill, the serious-looking dramatist, Miss Brady has another anecdote to tell.

When rehearsals first began on the play, she said, she was warned by some who stood in awe of O'Neill to be careful not to offend him. For instance, she certainly should not bring to the theatre those dime-movie detec-

tive thrillers to which she was—and is—addicted. That, to her friends said, would shock the great literary O'Neill beyond words.

But Alice Brady, not being one to defer to the tastes of others, took along her prized thrillers, just as she had done at other rehearsals. And one day while she was on stage, Mr. O'Neill got hold of her book. How shocked he was was shown by his refusal to give the book back to Alice until he had finished reading it! Instead of being offended, O'Neill insisted that Alice bring him another from her library. And that procedure went on until rehearsals were finished. Whether Mr. O'Neill has remained a detective story fan, Miss Brady does not know.

AFTER the close of "Electra," Alice Brady went to Hollywood—and was typed immediately for the comedienne roles for which she is most widely known today. It was not until someone—she doesn't know who—at Twent-Cent-Fox decided that she was the right person for the role of Mrs. O'Leary in "In Old Chicago" that her talent as a dramatic actress was again put to good use in the movies.

"I'm really no comedienne," Miss Brady told me. "Oh, after several years of these ratheatre parts I have learned a little comedy timing, I suppose, and that's all. But I don't care. They pay me plenty for doing the parts."

While Miss Brady was making "Goodbye Broadway" at the Universal Studios recently, she broke her ankle. True to the tradition of the theatre, she kept right on working, her leg in a plaster cast. What seemed remained to be shot after the accident were made with Miss Brady sitting down or standing on one foot, and the camera never showed her below her waist. When the cast was finally removed, Alice had each member of the "Goodbye Broadway" company and Director Ray McCarey autograph it.

Miss Brady's chief interest now, aside from her son and her career, is dogs. She has been a dog lover since childhood and has always owned several at a time. Just recently she turned over to Bette Davis the presidency of the Tail-waggers Association, a dog protective society. Miss Brady was among the leaders in the fight against harsh city ordinances enacted by several Southern California cities during a rabies scare. And she and the Tail-waggers Association are particularly interested in the Seeing Eye dogs—the dogs which are trained so expertly that their masters can go about their daily routines almost as if they had their eyesight.

Miss Brady now has five dogs of her own, among them a mongrel rescued from the Los Angeles city pound. She got it during the making of "In Old Chicago," when she and Tyrone Power went to the pound and each of them came away with mongrels.

Alice Brady, winner of this year's Academy award for the excellence of her performance as a supporting player in "In Old Chicago," doesn't care particularly whether she is cast in comedy or in drama on the screen, she told me, as long as the studios continue to pay her handsomely. No art for art's sake for Miss Brady. But in spite of her pay checks' being admittedly her primary interest in her work, she seems to be doing fully as well artistically as any of the movie people who maintain that money, the filthy stuff, is as nothing to them compared to their Art.

The Light Fantastic

WHAT MAKES THIS STORY IS THAT BILL WAS BEING PRETTY MUCH HIMSELF—ONLY LAURA DIDN'T KNOW WHO HE WAS
BY BETTY WALLACE

LAURA TRAYNUM pushed the damp, fair curls off her forehead, took a deep breath, and said, resolutely patient, "Look, children—watch me. One, two, three—see?"

Laura's slim legs twinkled gracefully under the short dancing dress. She would have preferred rehearsal shorts, or a one-piece bathing suit, but the children's mothers were likely to think . . . Long ago—eight whole months ago—Laura had stoled herself to pay attention to what the children's mothers thought.

The five unimpressed little girls—whose ages ranged from four to six—watched her, and then, to a man, they sighed.

"Look, children," said Laura desperately. "Let's do it this way. First, *plié*. *Plié*! Ah, that's right. Now, *bourrée*. Now, one, two, three. . ."

The childish legs waved uncertainly. The five pairs of soiled and scuffed ballet slippers shuffled on the polished floor. At the piano, Mildred Adams was playing chords and laughing.

The baby of the class, Tootsie, clutched her slipping pink hair ribbon. "If you wouldn't bounce your head, Tootsie, the ribbon wouldn't come off," said Laura.

The piano began again. The children bent their knees in the *plié*. Laura wanted to scream.

At last it was over. Laura sat down on a bench near the practice bar and ran her fingers through her hair. Never, never had she thought, during all those hard months in New York, that she'd end up like this—teaching awkward babies to slide, dip, *ballonné*, curtsy. She'd dreamed of herself in a spotlight, lightly dancing while an audience applauded thunderously. She'd dreamed of Paris and London and of a famous ballet in which she'd be the prima ballerina. Or at the least, she used to think, she might compromise with Hollywood and Broadway. Oh, yes! The children's mothers paid her one dollar each and patronized her just a little, because Miss LaRue, who had been teaching Westwood children for years, charged one-fifty.

AFTER a while Laura got up. The pupils in the toe class would be arriving soon.

There was a knock at the studio door. Startled, for the children never knocked, Laura opened it. In the narrow hall a man was standing. He came in uncertainly. "Miss Traynum?" he said.

"Yes?"

"I—er . . ." He hesitated, regarding her fixedly. Then he said, with the air of a man plunging into icy water, "You—er—teach dancing? Ballroom dancing?"

Her sign outside the window said that she did.

But she never had. The Westwood mamas, it seemed, had long ago given up dancing. And no other man had ever, within memory, invaded the femininity of this studio.

"You—you want lessons?" gasped Laura. He was unusually tall. He had brown eyes. They were fastened on the fetching curves under her short dancing dress. She saw his eyes go to her face. Color washed over her cheeks and she turned her head. She had an embarrassed impulse to put on her robe and cover herself decently.

"Well—I . . ." He seemed a trifle vague. He was still staring at her, as if he thought all dancing instructresses had to be old and ugly.

Laura said, "Of course, if that's what you want, I could . . ."

His eyes wandered around the studio. He looked at the mirrors along the walls, at the iron practice bar, at the battered piano. Laura said quickly, "Most of my pupils are children. But I . . ."

There was a little silence. She looked up at him pleadingly. "One dollar an hour. That's very cheap." If he took five lessons, she could buy a new hat after she'd paid the studio rent.

"Yes," he agreed. "That's cheap."

Another silence. Laura said, "I could—I could take you this evening. Any evening. After six."

He still acted uncertain, but he said, "All right. I'll come back." After he had gone, she realized that she hadn't asked his name or anything. There was, she thought, something teasingly familiar about him. As if she'd seen him before. But probably he wouldn't be back.

AS she demonstrated for the toe pupils, she found herself thinking that it had been a long time since she'd been anywhere where ballroom dancing was practiced. Maybe he wanted to learn the Big Apple or something. They sashayed, didn't they? And praised Allah? And did something out of the Suzi-Q?



Laura saw his eyes go to her face. Color washed over her cheeks and she turned her head. She had an embarrassed impulse to put on her robe and cover herself

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD KLAUK

But at six o'clock, properly dressed in a simple black frock and wearing high heels, Laura waited for her pupil. And he actually came!

He wandered into the studio that same uncertain way, after knocking hesitantly on the door and then standing there a moment as if he were a little dazed. But he noticed the changed clothes and seemed to approve of them.

"My pianist has gone," said Laura, "but I'm sure we'll do much better with a few virolo records."

She started the virolo. "Thanks . . . for the memory . . ." She said, "Like this—step and slide and step and slide . . ."

She didn't realize, until at her direction he took her into his arms, just how big he was. Her chin just about reached his chest.

And he was strong! His arms held her altogether too tightly. She snidest breathlessly, "No, no—you mustn't squeeze your partner."

He was clumsy. He was stiff. He couldn't seem to get the idea. He hopped. He jerked. Laura stopped and said, "Look, I'll lead. See, you do it this way."

He grinned. "That's very nice. Much easier." It wasn't very nice at all. It was like a rowboat trying to push an ocean liner around.

Laura disengaged herself and said, "Now you try. Take me in your arms." That was the wrong way to put it. She bit her lip.

For half an hour they stepped and slid and jerked and bobbed around the floor, and then Laura lifted the arm of the virolo off the record and said, "You need a rest." She said it definitely. "You don't seem to have any idea that dancing should be part of the music. In the same time, I mean. When it's fast, you dance fast. When it's slow and languorous . . ."

"I see," said the man. And then Laura remembered that she didn't know his name. So she asked him

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THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

(Continued from page 5)

He looked startled. His brown eyes broke away from hers. He said, "Um-oh, yes. Brown—Bill Brown."

"Now, it's nothing to be ashamed of because you're learning to dance," Laura said. "You needn't be secretive about it. Why, some of the country's most important men have taken lessons from Arthur Murray." She smiled at him. He was really awfully nice. Big and clumsy, but sweet, somehow. "Are you—that is, you want to dance so you can—er—I mean—your girl . . . ?" Laura asked.

A flash mounted along his jaw. "No," he said. "Nothing like that."

And then she started the victrola again and he took her in his arms. "And now, I believe, you're doing better," she said.

"It's you. You—uh—sort of inspire me."

THE next night she looked forward almost eagerly to his lesson. He had decided to take the five lessons on consecutive nights.

Again they danced to the victrola, and it was odd how one minute he'd be almost smooth, leading her in perfect time and rhythm, and the next he'd do that funny hop and spoil it all. But Laura was patient. It was much easier to be patient with him than it was to be patient with the children.

She found herself telling him about them. "There's Maizie—she always sticks her tongue out of the corner of her mouth when she learns a new step. And Tootsie—her ribbon falls down. And Caroline—she cries. And Maude—she's a fat little thing, and her mother thinks dancing will make her graceful."

Quite without seeming to have asked her, he drew from her the story of how she happened to be teaching dancing.

"I thought I was a genius—really talented," she told him. "I—I spent a lot of money studying in New York. I worked with Ratoff and Sageny. But I didn't get a place with the ballet. For a while I was one of the Kocettes, but that was awfully hard—almost athletic. Three shows a day. And then I sort of got tired of New York, and I had no more money, and so I came home."

He was watching her face. She laughed, a little self-consciously. "Goodness, don't let me sob on your shoulder," she said. "It's not so bad."

And that, of course, told him exactly how bad it was. Laura got up quickly and started the victrola again. And this time, apparently by dint of keeping his mind on the steps, he went through a whole record perfectly.

"They laughed when I stood up to dance . . ." he said. Laura giggled. Then she said, "We ought to try it. I think you're almost ready for a public appearance."

"Public appearance?" A strange, almost frightened look came into his eyes. "Oh, no!"

"Yes," Laura said definitely. "You must overcome this foolish self-consciousness."

He backed away from her, as if he was afraid she would drag him off right then and there. "No, I—I couldn't, I—I—"

"Haven't you ever tried to dance in public—in a night club or dance hall or anything?"

He didn't answer right away. He just stood there and looked at her. After a while his voice came from a long way off. "Yes—yes, sure I have."

"Well, as part of this dancing course, you're going to take me to the Palm Tree tomorrow night!" Laura was eager, almost excited. The Palm Tree was the only night club in Westwood, and after almost a year of being back home again, she had never been there. To be sure, a boy at the corner garage had asked her once, but she hadn't wanted to go with him, and the clerk in the music store downstairs had looked as if he'd

liked to ask her, but he hadn't done it. Thus, although she was slim and small and blonde, and so pretty that at first Westwood had been a little afraid to trust its children with her, Laura had had discouragingly little fun. From! Her eyes shone. "Please!" She was almost begging Bill. "It won't be so bad. You'll like it."

"I ought not to do this," he said, looking down at her gravely. "But I can't resist you."

LAURA found herself thinking about him all the next day, as she watched bobbing curls and awkward little thin arms and stammering baby feet. "All ready . . . piano," she'd say. "Now, Lois, just watch me. See how easy it is . . ." The children were to give a revue for the benefit of Charity Hospital. Laura shuddered. Even the doctoring parents and the indulgent friends would expect a little grace and a semblance of unity. Well, maybe if she made the costumes cute enough and lived through a few extra rehearsals . . . She wished suddenly that Bill would come and watch her classes. He was the sort of man who'd enjoy it.

When Bill called for Laura that night at her rooming house, he ducked away from the interested glances of the two old ladies who inhabited the porch rockers. "You must get a lot of privacy!" he remarked when they reached the sidewalk.

"That's nothing," she said calmly. "The landlady reads my mail."

"Do you mean your love letters?" he asked anxiously. "Because, you know, after I go away from here, I might want to write you."

"You're going away?" she asked, with a funny little snaking feeling at her heart.

"I'm only back for a little while. Mom likes me to come and stay with her whenever I can, and between—er—jobs I usually—"

"I see."

As they walked through the lobby of the hotel where the Palm Tree was, he kept looking over his shoulder in a worried way. Laura laughed. "Nobody's staring at you yet," she said. "You look perfectly human."

He opened his mouth as if he was going to answer, but then he shut it again without speaking. He clutched her arm hard and they entered the dining room and followed the headwaiter to a table close to the dance floor.

"I—I'd rather be over there," Bill indicated a table half hidden by palms.

"No, sir!" said Laura firmly. "Right here—where we can watch the dancers!"

"You've got the stubbornness chin, now that I come to notice it," Bill said slowly. "You look sort of helpless, and yet . . ." He was lost in contemplation of her uplifted face. "And your eyes are like little pools of clear water. And your mouth . . ."

"Stop that!" she said shakily. She liked it, but it frightened her.

"Watch the dancers," she said, pulling herself back to the role of teacher. "See how effortless and easy it is. Watch that man over there. He's really good."

But Bill, sitting at the man, seemed startled, and he hitched around in his chair and asked the hovering waiter for a menu.

"Now ask me to dance," Laura said.

"Dance, Miss Trayum?" he murmured obediently but a little nervously.

She got up eagerly. Bill was looking around with that same apprehensive glance she'd noticed before. "For goodness sake, nobody's even looking at you!" she cried.

She was inwardly afraid, though, that just at first he'd be stiff and awkward, forgetting everything she'd taught him. But he swept her off quite knowingly, and for half the length of the floor he did very well indeed. She looked up at him and smiled. "You're grand," she said. Then, because of the look on his face, she added primly, "I mean your dancing has improved."

Right then he hopped. Laura said "Oh!"

(Please turn to page 9)



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THE LIGHT FANTASIC

(Continued from page 6)

and he gave her a jerk so that they almost tripped. She said quietly, "You've got rattled. Stop—take it easy—wait for the beat."

THEY danced almost every dance. It was a curious thing: He would be doing so well, and then, somehow, he'd get as stiff and clumsy as he'd been right at first. Just the same, Laura enjoyed dancing again for her own pleasure, and she said judiciously, "I think that did you more good than a lesson in the studio. Soon you'll be able to dance with anyone."

"I don't want to dance with anyone," said Bill. "I want to dance with you." He added quickly, "Let's get out of here. It's getting crowded."

"What of it?"

"I—don't like crowds. Come on."

Sitting in his car, going home, she tried to stifle the unreasonably happy feeling that was rising in her. This wasn't really a date, she told herself—it was just a lesson. But then Bill's arm came close, and soon it was around her shoulder. He pulled her toward him. Then he was kissing her—kissing her completely and completely.

Laura felt her senses sway, and for a wild moment she was kissing him, too. And then she was pushing Bill away and her voice gasped, "Why! How dare you!"

"The right line," he said matter-of-factly, "is 'Unhand me, villain!'"

"I—I think you have a lot of nerve!"

"Yes," said Bill complacently. "I have." And then he began to draw her close again, but she wriggled out of his grasp and huddled over in the corner and said, "Now, look here!"

"I suppose you want me to say I'm sorry," Bill said unhappily. "Well, I'm not sorry. I—you—well, that's how it is. I'm not a bit sorry. I've wanted to do that ever since—ever since—"

"Ever since when?"

"Ever since you reached for that robe that first day in your studio."

The blood burned in Laura's cheeks. "You're despicable," she said chokingly.

Bill ignored that, saying contentedly, "You know, I used to hate this town. But now I think it's a pretty good little burg. I was eager to get out of it, yet here I am, thinking about coming back and settling down."

Laura's breath had somehow gone out of her. She couldn't say a word. Bill was talking on. "I—I'm not crazy about the work I'm doing now. It's sort of sensational. I've been thinking about chucking it. I was educated to be a lawyer. Nice, sensible profession, law."

Laura wanted to ask him what, exactly, he was doing now, but she remembered that she was angry at him, and so she maintained a child silence all the way back to her rooming house. At the door he asked, "Tomorrow night at the studio?"

"No!"

"All right! I'll be there at six."

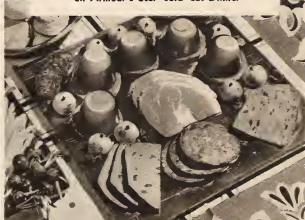
THE next day was the day the mothers came to see about the costumes. They sat around the studio arguing about whether rosebuds or marionettes would be prettier. Some of them wanted sequin soldierettes in the march number, and some wanted blue velvet outfits with brass buttons. The committee for the hospital, Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Titterington, wanted their children to have extra numbers and they argued grimly, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Bell knew that her Tootsie was too young and too timorous to venture out onto a stage by herself. And Noelle Titterington had never yet succeeded in pirouetting.

Then Mrs. Bell said, "I was talking to Mrs. Walker Plimpton today, and she says (Please turn to page 12)

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Serve August's Sparkling Meal of the Month

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MENU

Eggs Jellied in Bouillon—
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Cheese Apples

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Hot Biscuits—Butter—

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Frosted Fruit Cup Iced Coffee

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5 to 6 eggs and 5 to 6 slices Star Luncheon Roll

1 tablespoon gelatin 2 cups water

3 Armour's Star Bouillon Cubes or 1 tablespoon Vigorol

1 small onion ½ green pepper Salt to taste

Add bouillon cubes or Vigorol to water, along with chopped

onion and boil 5 minutes. Strain into gelatin which has been

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ARMOUR AND COMPANY

I QUOTE from a biography of Alice Brady which was released by the publicity department of a studio to which she was until recently under contract:

"Despite the fact that Alice Brady's father, William A. Brady, has been one of America's most famous showmen through two generations, he looked with no favor upon his daughter's ambitions for a theatrical career. He packed her off to a convent and vowed that no daughter of his would ever tread the boards."

"He reckoned without heredity, however. Equipped with determination as strong as her parents' and endowed with the same love for the theatre, it was not long before she rebelled. At the age of 17 she wired him that she was tired of the convent, packed a bag, and headed for the Bronx under an assumed name. There she got herself a job with a stock company. She traveled with the troupe as far as Boston before her late father located her. He soon had telephone and telegraph wires snaking with angry orders for her to give up her job and return to the convent. At last, realizing the futility of argument, he bowed to the inevitable. . . ."

"Dramatic and colorful, isn't it? But when I showed this publicity story to Miss Brady at the beginning of my interview with her, she read it with amusement. 'The Bronx!' she exclaimed, looking up from the mimeographed sheet. 'What on earth would I be doing in the Bronx? And as for stock companies—they're the worst training in the world for a beginner. They work so fast and change shows so often, with so little time for preparation, that you never really learn anything. Actors and actresses shouldn't go into stock until they've had lots of experience.'"

"Miss Brady read on. 'Well,' she remarked, 'at least they have the place of my birth correct.' The biography said that she was born in New York City, so New York City it is."

Further questioning, however, brought out the fact that the part of the biography quoted above is right in spirit, if not in letter. Alice's father is William A. Brady, he has been a great showman for two generations, and he did object to Alice's going on the stage. And there was a convent. Now, let us see if we can straighten it out, according to what Miss Brady told me.

TO go back a bit, Bill Brady, who since has had a tremendous influence on his daughter's career as well as upon the American theatre, left his long life in San Francisco while still in his teens and worked his way to New York, where he immediately got a job in a theatre as a callboy.

While Alice was a few years old, her father not only a rising young Broadway producer but a father as well. Alice's mother died while Alice was still a baby, and about three years later Bill Brady married one of the theatre's best known comedienne—Grace Gealey. And Alice began to fit in into each other's lives right from the start, and the relationship became completely maternal and filial as if Alice had been Miss Gealey's daughter.

While her parents were busy increasing the fame of the Brady name in the theatre, Alice went to St. Elizabeth's school in Morristown, New Jersey, and it was while in school there that Alice first realized her talent for swaying an audience with her recitations. Alice studied voice and, encouraged by her teacher, she soon had visions of her-

self as a great opera star. Caruso was her idol, and she spent hours listening to his recordings and mimicking the intonations of his voice. Meanwhile she read every play and

to accompany him on a trip to Europe. Alice went, though reluctantly, for she was far more interested in going down a stage-door alley than walking up a gangplank.

Despite Mr. Brady's promise to assist Alice in the theatre, he had not been particularly enthusiastic over her potentialities as an actress or dramatic singer. Miss Brady told me. However, at an entertainment on shipboard, which was arranged, of course, by the great producer Brady, Alice insisted upon singing an aria from "Faust," initiating Caruso in her very best manner. She was a smash hit with the audience and Papa Brady was at last sold on his daughter's ability.

UPON returning to America, Alice studied for a while at the Boston Conservatory of Music, but the prospect of years of concentration on only voice culture was not as attractive to Alice as the possibility of immediately entering the legitimate theatre. And so Mr. Brady, making good his promise, gave Alice several small parts on shows he was producing jointly with the Shuberts.

One of Alice's first lessons in the practical theatre came from no less an actress and

**VERSATILE
LADY**
**ALICE BRADY—FINE DRAMATIC
ACTRESS OR GRAND COMEDIENNE?**
**ANSWER: BOTH—AND HERE'S WHY
BY DUDLEY EARLY**

When Alice Brady threatened to join a tour show, this is probably how father William A. Brady (above) wanted to speak to her. (Right, it's Mr. Brady on the Grand in a broadcast of "The Mikado.")

While Miss Brady responded to "Mourning Becomes Electra," Eugene O'Neill's tragedy, he (above, right) got himself absorbed in her performance book about the theatre which she could lay her hands on. Then one week end she noticed her surprised father for her intention to become a grand opera star. Mr. Brady replied by packing her back to St. Elizabeth's.

Alice was not to be put off, though, and in a few days Bill Brady received a note from Alice in which she threatened to join a tent show and permit herself to be billed as the daughter of the great Brady of Broadway if he did not consent to her following a theatrical career. A compromise was effected by Mr. Brady's decision to give Alice his sanction and aid in the theatre, provided she would postpone the launching of her career until she had graduated from her commencement exercises. Mr. Brady persuaded Alice

percentage than Mrs. Leslie Carter, one of the greatest of her time. Alice had been given the role of a maid in the play in which Mrs. Carter was starred. In Alice's own words, she was to make an entrance into Mrs. Carter's lavishly furnished room, which was supposedly filled with hardwood. That hardwood was really just a glossy—and very slick—finish applied to the stage floor boards. In response to Mrs. Carter's ring, Alice came on stage, promptly slipped on the smooth floor, and plopped down onto it right smartly. As the audience stared, staring bewilderedly at the audience, Mrs. Carter, with the stage presence of a veteran, said calmly but loudly, "I rag for a maid—not an acrobat!"

That extemporaneous line caused the audience to laugh, and under cover of the laughter, Mrs. Carter addressed Alice. "Get up, child!" she said. "The only change that has been done can be remedied by a little 'humintment.' That restored Alice's self-possession, and by the time the laughter had



Alice's preference of a ship's concert sold producer Brady on her talent. Soon she starred (left) as Kate in "Pirates of Penzance."



As long as the wistful costume in pay her handsome, Miss Brady doesn't mind being to strike possibly person attitudes like this



After parts in operetta, Alice made a reputation in a rapid series of dramatic characterizations. One, Miss in "Little Women."

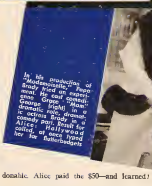
Miss Brady doesn't know whom to thank for casting her in a dramatic comic role. Here she's with Tyrone Power in "Old Glorious."

died down, Alice was on her feet, thoroughly composed, and the play went on. From Mrs. Carter to that incident, Alice Brady learned stage presence, something any good performer must have.

After a season of bits and small parts, Alice's father cast her in a series of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, starring De Wolf Hopper. Alice sang the roles of Mabel in "Pirates of Penzance," Josephine in "H.M.S. Pinafore," and Prit-Sing in "The Mikado."

It was during this period that Alice was taken of a habit of lung standing. Since childhood she had found it difficult to keep an appointment on time, and even in the theatre she was lax about punctuality. Consequently, more than once she delayed the rise of the curtain for several minutes—too many minutes, sometimes. Bill Brady decided. After one of these reruns, he sent Alice a cold, formal, typewritten memo—from producer to actress rather than from father to daughter. The memo stated bluntly that hereafter Miss Alice Brady would be fined \$100 each time she delayed the curtain. Alice didn't believe that her father was in earnest, and she accepted it just as a routine notice, thinking that even if the fine were imposed, her father would remit it. Alice's was arrived continued, and when she went to get her salary at the end of the week, she was informed by the cashier that she owed the company \$300.

Believing that that just couldn't be so, Alice went into her father's office to protest, and he refused to remit the fine. She would have to learn, he told her, that lateness in the theatre without good reason is unpar-



donaic. Alice paid the \$300—and learned!

AFTER her Gilbert and Sullivan roles, Alice went back into dramatic parts, still under her father's banner. She was surprised, however, to find that he had relegated her to minor, even insignificant, roles. When she asked why, he told her, "If you're ever going to amount to anything in the theatre, you've got to have a hard grind. And, even though you are my daughter, you're going to have it!"

Alice was wise enough to realize the value of the grind, and although other producers wanted to use her in their productions and offered her large parts, even Brady has a part in the theatre without good reason is unpar-

and Brady always told them, "When she's ready, you may have her, but not until then."

It was not long, though, until her father gave her the role of Meg in "Little Women." She played it as a showstopper, for Brady had a habit of jerking her out of a production soon after its opening and putting her into rehearsals of another play. It was the old trick, those rehearsals, but today Alice is thankful for them. It was her true theatrical schooling.

Among Alice's assignments was a part in "The Family Cupboard," with Irene Fenwick, who at the time of her death was Mrs. Lionel Barrymore. Alice in the cast of "The Family Cupboard" was a man named William Morris, who had a son, who was always playing backstage and getting in everybody's way. The boy's name was Chester. Chester Morris is now so well known to motion picture fans that he needs no further introduction. Next Alice appeared in "Sinners," which starred Florence Nash, Emma Dunn, and Robert Edson, who was a motion picture favorite of post-war days.

Following the close of this play, Brady notified his daughter that her tutelage under his supervision was at an end. And once the word got around, Alice was besieged with offers from other producers.

During this second phase of her career, Alice went from one opera to another. Because plays about lush women were the fashion at the time, Alice played her share of characterizations of women who live on the borderline of respectability, or, as Miss Brady calls them, "good women," but faintly bad." To make the required impression on an audience, it was necessary for Alice to wear as few clothes as possible without of-

fending the cash customers. And as the cycle progressed, Alice wore fewer and fewer clothes, and still there were no protests from cost front.

Then one night Bill Brady dropped into the theatre where Alice was playing. After the performance, he went back to Alice's dressing room, stood in the doorway, and looked at her long and curiously. Finally he said, "It's a nice thing you have, Alice, and I'm not surprised that you like to show it off, but I tried to teach you to be an actress—not a mimopig." With that, Mr. Brady referred them to Bill Brady, her manager.

(Please turn to page 17)

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

(Continued from page 3)

HERE'S a fine letter from Mrs. Dorothy Maybelle Taylor, 451½ Grand Ave., Grand Junction, Colorado: "For the past two years I have wanted to express my sincere appreciation of your most excellent magazine, and now I cannot procrastinate any longer. It is immensely worth while, a perfect joy from start to finish."

"You may be interested in knowing that I have at frequent intervals sent copies of your publication to relatives and friends in three Canadian provinces, in various parts of England, in Mexico City, and in British Honduras. I am sending you a poem, 'Blessed Are They,' which a friend, Mrs. K. Provost of Portsmouth, England, sent me, and also another poem which appeals to me because I am an ardent lover of nature."

BLESSED ARE THEY

Blessed are they who are pleasant to live with.

*Blessed are they who sing in the morning,
Whose faces have smiles for their early adorning,
Who come down to breakfast companioned with cheer,*

*Who won't dwell on trouble or entertain fear,
Whose eyes smile so bravely, whose lips curve to say,*

"Life, I salute you! Good morning, new day!"

Blessed are they who are pleasant to live with.

*Blessed are they who treat one mother,
Though whether a sister, a father, a brother,
With the very same courtesy they would extend*

*To a casual acquaintance or dearly loved friend,
Who choose for the telling, encouraging things,
And choke back the bitter, the sharp word that stings.*

Blessed are they who are pleasant to live with.

*Blessed are they who give of their best,
Who bring to the home bright laughter, gay jest,*

Who make themselves charming for no other reason

Than charm is a blossom for home's every season,

*Who bestow love on others throughout the long day—
Pleasant to live with and blessed are they!*

HE SHALL BE LIKE A TREE

*Lord, hear this sincere prayer from me:
Let me grow faultless like a tree.*

*Let there be that about my face
To point men skyward to Thy grace.*

*Let my life be fresh and clean
Like the tree's new budding green.*

*Let my love like branches spread
To bear good fruit for others' need.*

*Let me grow tall and straight and whole
Like the tree's strong, upright soul.*

*As smiling robins love to come
To make the leafy boughs their home,*

*May many find my heart a nest
Of sheltering peace and happy rest.*

*Give me to aid to gladness store,
As leaves make soft the forest floor.*

*Each stormy passion of the land
And heat of scorching hate I'd stand,*

*Firm-fixed with deepening roots of truth
By lessons which I learned in youth.*

*When grief weaves shadows like a shroud,
I'd point aloft to rainbow cloud.*

*Lord, teach me now the ancient good
Of Thy great forest brotherhood!*

—VINCENT G. BURNS

THE LIGHT FANTASIC

(Continued from page 9)

know, that son of Mrs. Bowen's—the one who's in the movies—is in town, and I thought how nice it would be if we could get him to do a number for the revue. It would sell so many tickets!"

Mrs. Titterington said, "I don't see how he could refuse. Why don't we ask him? Miss Traynum, you could—"

Laura, who had been leaning through a pile of costume sketches, looked up.

She considered that a moment. Being a movie star, this Bowen, or whoever he was, would probably say he was too busy or his contract didn't permit him to give benefit performances, or he'd pretend he had to leave town the day before, Laura thought. But she said, "Oh, yes, I'll ask him. Would you like to arrange the appointment, Mrs. Titterington?"

"Why can't the three of us call on him?" Mrs. Bell proposed. "I've never met a movie star."

With characteristic efficiency, Mrs. Titterington marched straight to the phone. She found a number in the book and dialed it. Laura, meanwhile, went upstairs to get the samples of material which had been sent from New York. When she came down, Mrs. Titterington said, "Well! We're to go over now. Mrs. Bowen said that he's at home."

THE Bowen house was singularly unlike a movie star's normal residence. It was small and white, with a magnolia tree in the front yard, and it had green shutters and ruffled curtains at the windows.

When Laura and her committee rang the bell, an elderly woman in a black dress opened the door. "How are you, Mrs. Bell? How do you do, Mrs. Titterington?" She smiled at Laura. "And you're the little dancing teacher? I have heard that you're much too good for Westwood."

She led them into a sitting room that was cozy in spite of its massive walnut furniture. "He'll be right in. Won't you sit down?"

Mrs. Bell whispered to Laura that the Bowens were an old and aristocratic family.

"So odd that he should turn out to be a dancer. But he gets millions for every picture—just millions, my dear!"

And then, as they waited, there was the sound of footsteps and a tall man walked into the room. Laura's mouth flew open and she heard a crashing sound inside her head. For a moment her heart thundered and her hands shook. She was numb and yet seething. After the clamor died down she wanted to sob. For the tall man—the Mr. Bowen—was Bill Brown! Bill—and he had taken dancing lessons from her!

Excitement rushed over Laura. She remembered all the hours of "teaching" Bill to dance, and how he must have been laughing at her, and she wanted to jump to her feet and rage at him.

Bill's ears were fiery, and though his eyes were looking at Laura, he spoke to the ladies calmly enough. Mrs. Bell said, "We've come to ask you if you would favor us by dancing in our little charity show. It's for the hospital and the children, you know. Miss Traynum here is our dancing teacher."

Laura's head was spinning. Her thoughts were churning so that they didn't make sense. "My mother told me about it," Bill was saying. "Yes, I'd like to do it. It's kind of you to want me." His face was a round scarlet disc of guilt, and he advanced toward Laura, saying, "We'll have to discuss the number you'd like me to do. Had you—had you anything definite in mind?"

The ladies got up, twittering. "You can arrange it, then, Miss Traynum," Mrs. Bell said. "I'm late for my bridge club now."

Laura sat there trembling, as Mrs. Bowen showed Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Titterington to the door. (Please turn to page 22)

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THE WIT OF THE WORLD

"What's worrying you, David?" asked Mabel.

"I was just wonderin' if Dad would see to the milkin' while we're on our honeymoon," replied the farmer's son. "—supposin' you said yes, if I asked you to marry me." —*Sour Owl*

The nearsighted old lady had spent a long time in the curiosity shop.

"What is that strange-looking statue in the corner worth?" she asked at last.

"About \$10,000," whispered the horrified salesman. "But that's the proprietor!" —*Bored Walk*

Hiram walked four miles over the hills to call on the girl of his dreams. For a long time they sat silent on a bench by the side of her log cabin. After a while Hiram sidled closer to her.

"Mary," he began, "I've got a good clearin' over thar, an' a team an' wagon, an' some haws an' cows, an' I reckon on buildin' a house an'—"

Here he was interrupted by Mary's mother.

"Mary," she called in a loud voice, "is that young man thar yet?"

Back came the answer, "No, Ma, but he's gittin' thar!" —*Columbus*



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HAS ONE DEAR TO YOU SAILED

TO THE PORT OF MISSING MEN?

JANET ROPER HAS FOUND 5,000,

HELPED OTHER THOUSANDS IN

TROUBLE OR "ON THE BEACH"

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT

boys or men who were out of touch with anxious relatives, helping them to remove the obstacles, real or imaginary, which stood in the way of reunions or reconciliations. In 1920, the bureau became an official part of the Institute. But to Mrs. Roper it was—and is—still a personal job.

The Institute, which is home to thousands of sailors when they are in New York, is housed in a big 13-story building on the East River waterfront, down near the tip of Manhattan, and it comprises a veritable hotel—and more—for seamen. Here men come from the ships to rent a clean room or a bed in the dormitory while on shore leave or while waiting for a new sailing "ticket." The Government operates a post office in the building, where mail for the seafarers is held until they come into port. A bank looks out for their money, a library gives them a place to read, well equipped recreation rooms offer spare-time fun, an auditorium is available for movies or sports, a lecture room for classes in navigation, and a chapel for religious services.

"MOTHER" ROPER, as she is known to thousands of sailors, is house mother of the Institute, but her chief interest is in the welfare department, which concerns itself with the seamen who are "on the beach" and down on their luck. Here come the men who are temporarily out of a job and are waiting for another ship to sign them on. There are many of them, these days, and with the normal uncertainties of shipping aggravated by the layoffs and confusion caused by two rival unions bitterly struggling to get control. To many of the seamen the Institute extends credit while they wait for their new berths. Other officials in the welfare department attend to this for the most part, but every once in a while there is a special case—someone who doesn't fit the rules, but who has a special appeal to make. That's where Mother Roper comes in.

A tall, elderly lady, with hair just flecked with gray, Mother Roper studies them, as they tell her their difficulties, with eyes that are at once kindly and shrewd. It usually doesn't take her long to decide about them. "I make mistakes," she says, "but I'd rather take a chance on my own judgment than on

From the "crow's nest" of the Seamen's Institute building, Mrs. Janet Roper scans the great New York harbor into which "her boys" come sailing—many with a cargo of difficulties for her to solve

anything else." And she usually gives the men who come to the Institute the benefit of the doubt.

There was, for instance, the case of the tall, eager-eyed man who came in while I was visiting Mrs. Roper.

"Well," she said, greeting him, "if it isn't The Admiral! What's on your mind, Admiral?"

Speaking almost breathlessly, the admiral explained that he had a job, but that he would have to get to Stamford, Connecticut, to take it—and he lacked the fare.

"Are you sure, Admiral?" Mrs. Roper demanded, searching his face with her eyes. "Do you want me to call up and find out for myself if there really is a job for you?"

"You can," he said hesitantly. "I hate to have them know that I'm broke, though."

"No," she decided. "I won't embarrass you; I'll take your word for it. But will you stick to the job after you get it?"

Volubly he assured her that he would, that he had been home over Christmas, and had promised his family to buckle down.

So Mrs. Roper gave The Admiral the money to take him to Stamford and wished him luck.

"I can't feel at all sure that he'll go to Stamford," Mrs. Roper told me after the man had left. "Drinking is his trouble. But he's one of the best engineers in the industry—and a really brilliant fellow. I hope he sticks this time. Anyway, I couldn't refuse to give him his chance."

Photo by P. P. C.
This hearty note on watch on the bridge of his ship is typical of the thousands who annually come to Mother Roper at the Seamen's Institute when their personal problems pitch them into heavy seas

"WHERE Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" is more than just a song to Mrs. Janet Roper. It is a frequently recurring question which she has answered more than 5,000 times. Answering it is her job, her life work—a work that has made her name known and blessed wherever American sailors ride the seven seas, and wherever their families live and wait for their return to the home port.

Officially, Mrs. Roper is head of the Missing Seamen's Bureau of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York City. Actually, Mrs. Roper is the bureau. She conceived it and built it single-handedly. Starting out years ago as just another welfare worker, Mrs. Roper quickly discovered that she was unable to work in the manner of so many of her colleagues—impersonally, mathematically, applying so-called scientific sociological tests and rules. She found her mind insisting on thinking of every sailor who came before her as an individual, not just a case. Each one had his own traits, his own problems—and the problems extended beyond him to mother, wife, sweetheart, or friends. Every once in a while a letter would come to the Institute from one of these folk at the home asking if anybody there knew the whereabouts of this sailor or that. And Mrs. Roper, deciding that the strengthening or patching up of home ties would do "her boys" more good than almost anything else that could be done for them, began serving as a "missing seamen's bureau," hunting up the

Next there came a young fellow who had just applied, in vain, for credit so that he could eat and sleep until he got another berth. He had, however, been a sailor only ten months, and only those who have a year's experience behind them are eligible for credit. He, along with the entire crew from his ship, had been laid off, he said, several weeks before. His money was gone, he had sold his coat, and he was broke.

"What did you ever want to go to sea for, anyway?" Mrs. Roper asked him. He swallowed hastily. "Well," he said, "I had to get away from my home town. My dad died, and then my mother died, and the place was getting me down."

"I see," Mrs. Roper said, nodding sympathetically. "Yes, I see." And she arranged for him to receive room and board on credit.

"I liked that boy," she told me when he had gone. "Did you notice the way his voice almost broke when he spoke of his mother? And you could tell he hadn't been a sailor long. The older ones get so they hide their feelings and thoughts."

"SOMETIMES sailors have acts to hide," Mrs. Roper added. And then she told me of one such case. A mother in Texas had written to her, asking help in locating her son. Never before, the mother wrote, had he failed to let her know where he was and how he was faring. But suddenly all word from him had stopped. Where was he? What had happened to him? Why didn't he write?

Mother Roper soon found out. The lad was in a penitentiary in Texas. Mrs. Roper wrote to him, and the boy wrote back. He told her all about the scrape that had landed him in prison, and convinced her that he had got into trouble more by accident than from any criminal tendencies—that he had really been the scapegoat and that the real offenders had escaped. "But please," he wrote, "don't tell my mother or any of my family where I am or anything about it. No member of our family has ever been in jail or in any kind of disgrace. It would break their hearts to know about this. Please don't tell them."

Mrs. Roper respected his wish, and did not write to his mother. But she wrote to a clergyman near the penitentiary and asked him to go to see the boy. He visited the boy and then wrote Mrs. Roper that he believed the boy's story. Furthermore, the minister said that he had convinced the young man that he himself should write to his mother, tell her the truth, and leave it to her maternal love to have faith in him and forgive him. A little later the boy wrote to Mother Roper to the same effect, saying that he was going to write to his mother.

Six months passed, and then Mother Roper had a letter from the boy's sister. "We have waited and waited," she wrote, "hoping to hear from you. Mother is nearly frantic. Can't you find out anything about where my brother is?"

The boy apparently had not been able to muster the courage to write. And so Mother Roper faced a difficult problem. What should she do? Should she write to the mother or not? Finally, she dictated a letter, telling the mother the whole story. And then she carried the letter around with her for days, debating with herself whether or not she should mail it. Happening to have occasion to address a group of mothers while the problem was still unsettled, Mrs. Roper

put the dilemma up to them. They all urged her to send the letter—and she did.

It proved to be the right decision. The mother, in her joy at learning that her son was still alive and in good health, would have forgiven a much more serious crime than that of which he had been convicted. She and other members of the family hastened to visit him and took steps to obtain for him the clemency that his case deserved.

"I wish things always worked out as well as that," Mrs. Roper told me. "Sometimes I just hate to tell a man's family that I have located him for them, for he has slipped so far. But I just have to put the best face I can on it and hope that his pride will pull him together."

If you suggest, however, that sailors are worse than any other group of men in their ways of life, Mrs. Roper is quick to come to their defense, saying that she has never seen a group of sailors act any worse than some

follows it up. It was in June, 1937, that she found her 5,000th missing seaman, and she has added several hundred more to the total since then.

No. 5,000, by the way, was a 50-year-old Irish sailor. The search for him began when his mother wrote to Mrs. Roper from Scotland.

"As I am now 84 years of age and very feeble," the anxious mother wrote, "it is my sincere wish to get in touch with my son, whom I last heard from in 1912, when I was living in Ireland."

The job of locating him turned out to be easier than usual. Only a day after the inquiry was received by Mrs. Roper, a big Irishman came into her office and asked her to fill out a paper for him, because he had tuberculosis and had to establish residence in order to get convalescent care on Federal relief. Mrs. Roper looked at his name—and

(Please turn to page 17)



In the writing room of the Institute (left), two marchants seemed bring the house folks up to date on their activities. Many sailors, says Mrs. Roper, write home when the sailing's smooth, don't write when the going gets rough.

Though Mrs. Roper (below) is essentially the house mother at the Institute, she has a special interest in the sailors department. To her are referred seamen—young and old—who seek aid but whose coast are unusual.

In addition to rooms and dormitories, a post office, bank, auditorium, and recreation, lectures, and writing room, the Institute offers a music room (bottom) where seamen sing and play, popular songs and occasionally an old deep-sea chantey.

big businessmen she has seen when they were celebrating. But she doesn't say it in a tone which implies condemnation of the big businessmen. A half century of working among seamen has given her great tolerance toward the foibles and weaknesses of mankind. "Sailors are no worse than any other people." That's all she insists upon.

MRS. ROPER began her work among seamen at 17 years of age, when she volunteered to help out at the Boston Seamen's Friends Society. Later, after she married a Congregational minister, she still found odd moments to do a little knitting or letter writing to add to the comfort and happiness of the men of the sea. And in 1915, after her husband had died, leaving her with three daughters, it became a full-time job. The Seamen's Institute added her to its staff, but didn't tell her just what she was supposed to do. "Just make your own job," she was told. And that was how she got into the work of finding missing sailors.

It usually isn't as difficult a task to locate a seaman as one might think. Mrs. Roper first runs through the list of those registered at the Institute. Then she checks with shipping companies, and with the maritime authorities in Washington. If these methods fail, she passes the word out to the other boys, personally and by bulletins, that she is trying to locate So-and-so. Somebody usually knows where So-and-so is or remembers seeing him recently or hearing that he went somewhere. Once she gets a clue, Mrs. Roper



THE REEL DOPE

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE"

Produced by Warner Brothers
Directed by Anatole Litvak

CAST—Edward G. Robinson, Claire Trevor, Humphrey Bogart, Allen Jenkins, Donald Crisp, Gale Page, Henry O'Neill, John Litzel, Thurston Hall, Maxie Rosenbloom, Bert Hanlon, Curt Bois, Ward Bond, Vladimir Sokoloff, Irving Bacon.

SITUATION—The eminently respectable and affluent doctor, Edward G. Robinson, turns to crime in order to study the reactions of criminals for a scientific book which he intends writing. He gets mixed up with a gang of thieves headed by Humphrey Bogart and including Claire Trevor, the fence. Robinson takes command, incurring Bogart's enmity. Keeping his identity secret, Robinson works with the gang until he has enough scientific notes, then bids them good-by. But Bogart learns his identity and tries to blackmail him. Robinson then kills Bogart, most scientifically, but is caught and tried for the crime. The defense is insanity. . . .



In "Little Miss Broadway" The ingratiating Miss Temple has just swooned up crochety spinster Edna Mae Oliver to the point of offering \$5,000 a week for production rights to the show which Shirley and her friends have just staged in-of all places—a courtroom. The film's a lipstop Temple



In "Fast Company" Melvyn Douglas and Florence Rice indulge in high jinks as they carry on for MGM in the spirited detective-levee tradition set by William Powell and Myrna Loy in "The Thin Man"

COMMENT—Based on Barre Lyndon's successful New York play of the same name, "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" hits the screen as a fine frame in which to show off Mr. Robinson's talents. However intriguing the story may be, it is Robinson's performance which makes this one of the season's best pictures. Of course, in this department's opinion (an opinion only too well known to our readers), Miss Claire Trevor adds not inconsiderably to the general excellence. And a certain Mr. Maxie Rosenbloom, prominent Los Angeles sportsman and night club owner, also turns in a good performance as the stooge.

The outstanding sequence in the picture is, I think, the one in the gambling room of the hotel, when Robinson, his pockets loaded with stolen jewels, bluffs a detective into submission.

In criticism of the story, wouldn't inspector Donald Crisp become just a little bit suspicious of Robinson when the jewel thief identifies him as the real thief at the beginning of the picture? I think so. It seems to me that the very incredibility of the identification would have started the inspector's curiosity working overtime.

You may not agree with the jury's findings at the film's close. It's the kind of solution which, if you're interested enough, provides plenty of material for discussion.

OPINION—A must-see.

"LITTLE MISS BROADWAY"

Produced by 20th Century-Fox
Directed by Irving Cummings

CAST—Shirley Temple, George Murphy, Jimmy Durante, Phyllis Brooks, Edna Mae Oliver, George Barbier, Edward Ellis, Jane Darwell, El Brendel, Donald Meek, Claude Gillingwater, Sr., Patricia Wilder.

SITUATION—Edward Ellis, who operates a theatrical hotel in New York, takes Shirley Temple out of an orphanage because he was a friend of her parents. In the nutty atmosphere of the hotel, Shirley flourishes under the care of Ellis's daughter, Phyllis Brooks. Then Edna Mae Oliver, a meanie who owns the hotel, seeks to dispossess Ellis because he owes rent, and Shirley goes to her, offering the contents of her savings bank. Edna Mae's nephew, George Murphy, and her browbeaten brother, Donald Meek, decide to fight her in the interest of Ellis—and of Phyllis, because George has gone sweet on her. Shirley, of course, does her part. . . .

COMMENT—If all the hokum which went into this story were poured down Broadway, traffic would be submerged. But who am I to quarrel with the purveyors when the hoke is entertaining, as it is in this latest Temple opus? To begin with, a theatrical hotel background is a natural for providing a certain amount of good comedy—contributed in this case by an assortment of professional crackpots, headed by the one and only Jimmy Durante whose pal is a dressed-up penguin.

I need not tell you that Shirley chicks, but may I say again that the cast includes Edna Mae Oliver, than whom, I believe, there is none whosom in her line. And there is also one of this department's favorite leading men, George Murphy, who, among male screen dancers, is, in my opinion, second only to Fred Astaire in personality, grace, and dexterity.

"Little Miss Broadway" makes use of a new locale for the staging of a show. But the whole setup is improbable, and the show, as shown on screen, would be worth 5,000

bucks a week, which is what Miss Oliver claims it is worth, only in Confederate money. However, as exaggeration is so much a part of Hollywood, we'll let it pass with no more than a snicker.

OPINION—We predict this picture will rank in popularity with Shirley's best.

"TROPIC HOLIDAY"

Produced by Paramount
Directed by Theodore Reed

CAST—Bob Burns, Dorothy Lamour, Ray Milland, Martha Raye, Binnie Barnes.

SITUATION—Ray Milland, Hollywood sec-



In "Tropic Holiday," What wrong with this pic, sure? That's right—it's Dorothy Lamour's angle here. Lamour and she has her clothes on. The lucky gent is Ray Milland, who has just forgotten all about the fessces he left back in Hollywood

ondary writer, goes to Mexico with secretary Martha Raye to write a story, leaving fiancée Binnie Barnes in Hollywood. Sure enough, he falls in love with native girl Dorothy Lamour. Bob Burns, Oklahoma politician, comes down to take in marriage his sweetie, Martha Raye, who is working herself up to fight a bull in the local ring. Then Binnie comes for Ray. Result, mixed doilies. . . .

COMMENT—With a fair lot of ingredients the producers have turned out just what you'd expect—a fair picture. Not bad, not good—just somewhere in the great middle class.

Martha Raye steals the show with her bullfight sequence, aided by Bob Burns. Ray Milland and Dorothy Lamour tote the "plot," along with Binnie Barnes. At no time are they called upon to plumb the depths of emotional expression.

OPINION—Light summer fare.

"FAST COMPANY"

Produced by MGM

Directed by Edward Buzzell

CAST—Melvyn Douglas, Florence Rice, Claire Dodd, Shepperd Strudwick, Louis Calhern, Nat Pendleton, Douglas Dumbrille, Mary Howard, George Zucco, Minor Watson.

SITUATION—Melvyn Douglas, bookworm detective, solves a murder case with the aid of his wife, Florence Rice.

COMMENT—It is only fitting that Metro, which made the first "Thin Man" picture, should carry on the tradition, as they do in this good little whodunit. Melvyn Douglas and Florence Rice substitute for Powell and Loy, and do it so well that you'll soon forget about making comparisons. The dialogue between Douglas and Miss Rice is sprightly and at times clever in that bantering manner which has become the fashion among cinema domestic teams.

There are a lot of good performers in the supporting cast.

OPINION—Pleasantly diverting.

"THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN"

Produced by Serge Sandburg
Directed by Sacha Guitry
and Christian Jacque

CAST—Sacha Guitry, Jacqueline Delubac, Lyn Harding, Ermate Zabboni, Yvette Pienne, Catalano, Arietty, Percy Marmont, Derrick de Marney, Barbara Shaw, Cecile Sorel, Fred Duprez, Raymonde Allain.

SITUATION—The story, or stories, of seven matched pearls, four of which now adorn the English royal crown.

COMMENT—Within the length of my memory, I have never seen a more episodic picture than this. Sacha Guitry, who wrote, co-directed, and acts in it, throws conventional technique to the winds and just tells the story in whatever manner happens to suit each episode. The result is interesting and not at all difficult to follow, despite the use of several languages. There are some fine moments, especially the sequence concerning the Abyssinian queen, played farcically by a gal known simply as Arietty. The action and the attendant gibberish which passes for Abyssinian dialogue is delightful. Some of the players appear in two or more roles. Guitry plays four, and he is excellent. You will perhaps recognize some of the English players in the cast—Percy Marmont, Derrick de Marney, Barbara Shaw, and Lyn Harding.

OPINION—I can't vouch for its historic accuracy, but I can recommend it as an interesting film.



In "Pearls of the Crown" Sacha Guitry, as Napoleon III (one of the four parts played by the noted author-actor-director), presents one of the seven matched pearls, opens up the story centers, to his fiancée, Eugénie-Marie de Montijo—the Empress Eugénie to be—played by Raymonde Allain.

"YOUNG FUGITIVES"

Produced by Universal
Directed by John Rawlins

CAST—Harry Davenport, Robert Wilcox, Dorothea Kent, Larry Blake, Clem Bevans.

SITUATION—Harry Davenport gets a \$50,000 fund for being the last G.A.R. veteran. Robert Wilcox, black sheep grandson of Davenport's dead pal, returns to the old home town to get that money by hook or crook. But Dorothea Kent, girl of the road whom Davenport has befriended, tries to save the money for Davenport and Bob from himself.

COMMENT—"Young Fugitives" is notable for two excellent performances. Otherwise it is hopelessly mediocre. Harry Davenport, one of Hollywood's better character actors, wins new honors by his work in this film—and that is an almost superhuman achievement, considering the material with which he had to work. And Clem Bevans as his hired man-pal also wins a laurel wreath from this department. The two juvenile leads, Robert Wilcox and Dorothea Kent, are as good as conventional roles, writing, and direction will permit them to be.

OPINION—Double better—and how!

SAILORS' SWEETHEART

(Continued from page 15)

it was the same as that of the man she wanted.

"Do you come from Drogheda County in the south of Ireland?" she asked him.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is your mother alive?"

He shook his head. "I think not. I haven't heard from her in many a year. The last letter I wrote, 20 years or more ago, never brought me an answer."

Mrs. Roper told him that his mother was still alive and that she had moved to Scotland. But though the man was delighted to hear the news, he didn't want to write.

"You write," he begged Mrs. Roper. "Tell her I'm too worked up to write myself."

"That's the way with these sailors," Mrs. Roper told me. "They keep in touch with home when everything's going well and they're making money, but they don't want to write to their families when they're in any sort of trouble—just when they need their families most."

But to get back to the Irishman. Mrs. Roper wrote to the man's mother. She replied, saying she could hardly believe that her son had been located so quickly. "Will you kindly make sure?" she wrote. "If it is my son, he has a large cross tattooed on his left arm, and a Maltese lady on the right."

It was her son whom Mrs. Roper had located, all right. His tuberculosis has been checked now, and he is working and saving his money to visit his mother in Scotland.

A FEW years ago Mother Roper was invited to be a guest speaker on a radio program. She accepted, with the provision that she could make use of this means to try to locate some seamen whom other means had failed to reach.

"Boys who are sailing out on the sea and listening to me tonight," she appealed, "find for me Smokey Joe—his mother is dying. Tell Harry Kelly—Punch Kelly—that his father has died and his mother has got to go to the poorhouse. I want to hear from Frank Pazana and Mike Murphy, who's sometimes called Lemon George. Tell Blinky—that's one-eyed Blink Ross—that his little girl is sick and needs him. Pass the news to Punch Smith that his wife is seriously ill. Shorty McGuire has been looking for his wife and little boy for ten years. Tell him I've located them,—and they want him back."

And so it goes. Day in and day out Mother Roper goes on finding her Smokey Joes and her Punch Kellys. In this work she has only one reservation: She will not "play coper." If there is any legal charge or action against a man, somebody else must turn him up, not she. She told me, for instance, of a wife who asked her help in locating her missing husband—and then started a legal action against him. Mother Roper at once dropped the case.

"Too often," she says, "the wives are to blame. They drive their husbands away. If there were only some way to get women to stop nagging their husbands, especially when the men haven't jobs and are doing their best to find work, there would be fewer missing seamen."

But even if no wife ever nagged again. Mother Roper would be as busy as ever—for those who sail the seven seas would still come to her for help and inspiration when they found themselves in any of the doldrums which beset seafaring men.

ALICE BRADY

(Continued from page 11)

closed the door from the outside. It was just another lesson from father to daughter.

ABOUT this time—1914—Alice heard for the first time the call of motion pictures, then a lusty young industry howling for more attention from players and public alike. One of the largest movie producing companies of the time was World Films, then headed jointly by Jules E. Brulatour, now chief distributor of Eastman ray film, and husband of Hope Hampton, and by Louis J. Selznick, who is the father of David Selznick, currently one of the best producers in Hollywood, and Myron Selznick, the leading Hollywood talent agent.

It was Brulatour and Selznick who persuaded Alice to make some pictures for them.

"We made one picture a month," Miss Brady told me with a sigh. "In those days it was set up the camera, shoot the scene, and let it go. No doubt the pictures showed that that's the way they were made."

Alice's first picture was "Redhead," and for leading man she had Conrad Nagel. Another of the early pictures was called "The New York Idea." Do you remember either of these?

William A. Brady then stepped back into his daughter's professional life, but this time it was indirectly and impersonally. It is wrongly believed by some persons in the theatrical profession even today that Brady took control of World Films, especially those starring his daughter. Although every World picture carried Brady's name, he did not produce them. Miss Brady told me. She explained that every picture made by the young picture industry carried her father's name because the motion picture business had run into a situation like the one in which it recently found itself—facing demands from the public for cleaner pictures. And so the producers immediately appointed Brady to a position corresponding to the one now occupied by Will H. Hays, that of contact chief and head of the industry's self-imposed censorship bureau. Because Bill Brady was then the best known producer on Broadway and because his road shows had made his name known in almost every section of the country, motion picture producers figured that the Brady name on a picture would serve as a guaranty of its moral tone. Therefore every picture was labeled "A William A. Brady Production," although he produced none of them.

One of Alice Brady's recollections of this period concerns the production "The Leopardess." A real leopard was used in filming the picture, and Alice was required to fondle it in the heavyhanded manner of early sirens. "I was scared to death, in spite of the fact that they told me the animal was as tame as a kitten," she said. "Then, to prove just how tame it was, the trainer of the animal stood on the side lines, covering the leopard at all times with a loaded gun. As I was right alongside the leopard, I began to wonder if the trainer was a good shot. Finally I could stand it no longer. 'Put that gun away!' I told him. 'I'd rather take a chance on being clawed than on being clawed and shot at the same time!'"

WHEN Miss Brady's contract with World Films expired, she opened on Broadway in a play called "Forever After." (Please turn to page 22)

Sue Sutton's menus

MONDAY

Peppers Stuffed with Lamb
and Potatoes
Sautéed Eggplant
String Beans, Tomato, and
Onion Salad
with French Dressing
Bread Butter
Fresh Berry Tarts
Coffee, Iced Tea, or Milk

WEDNESDAY

Hamburger Shortcake
Buttered New Onions
Sliced Tomatoes
Bread Butter
Fruit Gelatin Cookies
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

FRIDAY

Baked Crab Salad
Potato Chips
Escalloped Stewed Tomatoes
Orange or Grape and
Watercress Salad
with Honey Dressing
Toasted French Bread Butter
Tapioca Cream
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

SUNDAY

Chilled Honeydew Melon
with Lemon
Roast Leg of Lamb
Pan-roast Potatoes
String Beans with
Cheese Sauce
Celery Radishes - Olives
Heated Rolls Tort Jelly
Butter
Green Apple Pie a la Mode
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

TUESDAY

Fresh Corn Fritters with Honey
Broiled Bacon
Buttered Spinach
Pear and Grated Cheese
Salad with Mayonnaise
Bread Butter
Cantaloupe Halves
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

THURSDAY

Broiled Smoked Ham Slices
with Mustard Sauce
Fried Canned Sweet Potatoes
Buttered Whole Summer
Squash
Lettuce, Pepper, Radish, and
Onion Salad with
French Dressing
Buns Butter
Devonshire Bread Pudding
Iced Coffee, Tea, or Milk

SATURDAY

Hawaiian Sausage
(Broiled sausage patties on
pineapples slices)
Hominy Grits with Cream
Buttered Peas and Carrots
Cole Slaw
Bread Butter
Fresh Berry Shortcake
Coffee, Iced Tea, or Milk

delicious milk gravy, then added to the meat mixture and poured over piping hot buttered rounds of biscuit shortcake. This is most appetizing with the buttered new onions and sliced tomatoes which are suggested as accompaniments.

SAUTEED EGGPLANT

Tender and tempting

2 large eggplants Salt
Flour Pepper

Peel eggplant; cut lengthwise in $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch strips. Roll in flour; season with salt and pepper. Sauté in generous amount of hot shortening in heavy frying pan about 15 minutes, or until crisp and golden brown. Serves 6.

FRESH CORN FRITTERS

A down South special

$\frac{1}{4}$ cups all-purpose flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated fresh corn
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 cup sifted fresh corn
1 tablespoon melted shortening

Sift flour; measure; and sift again with baking powder and salt. Beat egg; add milk; add to dry ingredients; beat just until well mixed; and add corn and shortening. Fry in deep fat hot enough to brown a 1-inch cube of bread in 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes (360° F.) about 5 minutes, or until golden brown; drain on absorbent paper. Serve with honey. Makes 6 large fritters.

DEVONSHIRE BREAD PUDDING

An old-fashioned dessert

7 slices bread Jelly
Butter $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whipping cream
1 quart thick fruit sauce

Cut bread average thickness; butter one side. Remove crusts; line buttered bowl with whole slices, cutting corners to make them fit (usually one in bottom, four for sides, and one piece diagonally will fit bowl completely). Pour in fruit sauce. Cover top with buttered slice of bread. Weigh down with plate; chill overnight in refrigerator. Unmold; pour slightly softened jelly over top to add color and flavor. Garnish with whipped cream. Serves 6 to 8.

BAKED CRAB SALAD

A main dish

4 tablespoons butter or shortening
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
1 pint lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon white pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 cup baked crab meat
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup toasted shredded almonds
4 hard-cooked eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft bread crumbs
2 tablespoons melted butter

Melt butter or shortening; blend in flour; add milk gradually, stirring constantly; cook until thickened; add chopped pimientos, seasonings, crab meat, almonds, and chopped hard-cooked eggs; and mix well. Pour into individual casseroles or sea shells; top with bread crumbs and butter; and bake about 30 minutes, or until thoroughly heated and crumbs are browned, in moderate oven (375° F.). Serves 6.

EACH OF THE FOLLOWING RECIPES HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY TESTED IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE'S TESTING KITCHEN

SUNDAY'S dinner is planned so as to have enough leftovers for a complete and satisfying dinner on Monday. The string beans are cooked till tender, then enough for Monday's salad are saved out, and the rest are mixed in a casserole with a cup of half-inch cubes of cheese. About a cup of white sauce is poured over the top, and then it's baked about 25 minutes, or until the cheese is melted, in a moderate oven (350° F.).

Extra pastry dough is made on Sunday, too, for the fresh berry tarts which are suggested for Monday's dessert. And Monday's main dish is made from leftover lamb and potatoes which have been minced and seasoned and baked in green peppers.

On Wednesday, the hamburger shortcake lifts the menu out of the usual. The meat is broken up and fried with green pepper and celery until well done. The fried-out fat is made into a



60¢

**Some of the topics discussed in
"The Woman and the Home"**

•

Women's Happiness
Common Disorders Peculiar to Women
The Expectant Mother
Nursery Days
Common Diseases of Childhood
Miscellaneous Diseases
The Sick Child
Tonics and Common Sense
Accidents and Emergencies
Prescriptions

This book is library-size—5½ x 8½ inches. It is bound in luxurious, red maroon-grained fabricoid, gold stamped and sewed. The type is large and readable, printed on a fine, high-grade paper.

Do you want to have a **FULL LIFE?**

Do you want A CAREER outside your home? Are you getting the most out of your SOCIAL LIFE? Can you successfully MEET REVERSES? Are you EFFICIENT in the face of EMERGENCIES? Do you know how to BRING UP CHILDREN properly?

The answers to these and many other questions vital to SUCCESSFUL LIVING are found in a newly published book—"The Woman and the Home"—written by William S. Sadler, M.D., and Lena K. Sadler, M.D.

The Doctors Sadler are well qualified to be the authors of such a book as "The Woman and the Home," for they have a background of BROAD TRAINING AND WIDE EXPERIENCE. "The Woman and the Home" reflects this background, and you will find it a SANE, PRACTICAL WORK that will do much to aid you in solving many of the problems of daily life.

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NEXT time your storekeeper gives you the gimlet eye when you tender a \$20 bill for a 75c purchase, don't take offense at it.

To be sure, according to all the books on retail salesmanship, you, the customer, are always right. Consequently the merchant should smile sweetly, smother all vile suspicions, and promptly fork over \$19.25 in change with a rousing "Thank you!" and a cheery "Come again."

But the books to the contrary notwithstanding, a certain sourness may flit across his face on the strength of poignant memories of other naive-looking persons who have presented \$20 bills to him in the past. Not passers "showing the quarter" for counterfeiters, necessarily, but plain, ordinary quick-change artists and other descendants of the boys who were driven out of the temple—and scattered like cockroaches all through the retail trade.

Having been connected, by marriage, with a retail shop for more than 15 years, I am fully aware of two facts: First, the retail merchant has to keep his wits about him if he is going to avoid being rocked by any one of a dozen or more simple swindles involving the handling of money. Second,

morning and makes a purchase amounting to \$1.50 or so. Apologizing for having nothing smaller, the customer hands you a \$20 bill which is perfectly good and which you accept after giving it a perfunctory scrutiny. That transaction ends right there.

Later in the day a woman, perhaps, comes in and buys an article for 25c or 35c and gives you a \$1 bill in payment. She then walks toward the door with her change and her package, but just as she's about to leave, she turns suddenly and exclaims, "Oh, I'm sorry—but I gave you a \$20 bill, and you gave me change for only \$1!"

You contradict her—politely, of course—but she, being equally polite and frightfully embarrassed, is just as certain that you are in error. Finally a bright idea strikes her. "I know how you can tell!" she exclaims, her face lighting up. "Just before I came in here I made a telephone call from the booth over there in the drugstore. I phoned my sister, and when she gave me an address to write down, I had no memo paper in my bag, so I just jotted it on the back of that bill. You look in your cash register and see if you don't find that bill with '24 E. 3rd St.' on it."

You look—and, sure enough, there's the \$20 bill with "24 E. 3rd St." on it in very fine writing. The bill is, of course, the one the man gave you that morning for the \$1.50 purchase. And this is his partner—in for the pay-off.

Therefore, unless you're the kind of merchant who scrutinizes every bill closely and erases any identifying marks which can be erased, you're likely to be hooked in this fashion sooner or later.

The commonest racket with \$20 bills is, of course, the rechange gag. If you are a small merchant, you are reluctant to accept so large a bill from a total stranger for, say, a 35c sale, but when it develops that a \$20 bill is all the customer has, you make the change. Then the customer discovers that he has some smaller bills in his other pocket, so he considerably offers to take back the \$20 bill, give you back the change you gave him, pay you separately with a \$1 bill, for the 35c purchase, and take his 65c change for that. Then he gives you back your ten, five, four ones, and the 65c in change and takes the \$20 bill he has given you. "Or, here," he says, "give me that five and I'll give you five singles, then you give me the ten and take this five back and that'll square us up except for the 65c change out of this dollar"—and when you get off the merry-go-round, you're out five bucks!

On paper it doesn't sound as if anyone could be taken in by that, but with four or



When you get off the merry-go-round after the rechange gag with a \$20 bill, you've lost a fin he must be extremely tactful at being cautious, because the average customer is definitely touchy about any reflection being cast on his money or his morals.

The merchant, therefore, has to be both careful and tactful when it comes to making change. For even if his experienced eye tells him that a bank note is okay (which can easily be a mistake these days with so many photo-offset artists turning out sound-looking phony bills), he never knows what is going to follow on the heels of this transaction.

The shopkeeper who so insultingly scrutinizes your bill, for instance, may know even better than you that it is a perfectly legitimate Federal Reserve note. One glance at the background behind the portrait on the face tells him that, because the fine dots are clean and sharp without the least trace of smudge. So what he's looking for now, probably, is some alien mark of identification on the note—initials written in lead pencil, a telephone number, or some other notation which may be the earmark of an impending swindle.

WHAT? You say you've never heard of that one? Well, it's a neat trick which is frequently pulled on small merchants everywhere—and invariably with complete success. The technique is simple:

A customer comes into your store one



Put two glib gents showed the M.D. how a \$1 bill, torn through the machine, would come out a ten

MONEY-CHANGERS

BY PAUL W. KEARNEY

five customers waiting for service and thus slick operator working like a lightning calculator, it is the simplest thing in the world to fall for. The safest course, patently, is not to start playing this little give-and-take game at all.

YOU may think that only the stupidest persons would fall for this gag, yet the identical principle on a smaller scale is worked universally in hoodwinking cigar store clerks, drugstore cashiers, and even theatre box office men. Using a \$2 bill instead of \$30, the "bype artist" spots, say, an orange drink stand with a clerk, preferably on duty alone, who is caught in a momentary flurry of business.

The money-changer buys a drink, slips down the two-back note, and gets \$1.90 back. Just as the harassed clerk turns to the next customer, the hyper says, "Say, I've got a dime! Give me back that \$2 bill, will you—it's a lucky one, and I don't want to part with it." Annoyed at the interruption and anxious to serve his impatient other customers, the clerk goes back to the register, gets out the bill, and forks it over as he reaches for another glass. The customer slides 90c across the counter and then walks off quickly. Nine times out of ten he gets away with the extra dollar—and if he doesn't, what of it? He just says "I'm sorry" and gives it back. After all, you can't hang a guy for an oversight.

Small-time stuff, to be sure, and not to be classed with the swindle that just broke in New York City when a big leaguer in the game sold one of those ancient "money-making machines" to a doctor for \$5,300. It's the oldest gag known to the money-changers, but it worked on a man who at least had the brains to get an M. D. degree and, furthermore, had been smart enough to accumulate five grand. Yet with all that background, he fell hard when a couple of glib gents took him up to an impressive suite in a large hotel and demonstrated before his very eyes how he could put a \$1 bill in this unique machine, start the machinery, and have it come out the other end a ten spot! The operators of the money-making machine, however, are now in jail, the cops having caught up with them in Houston, Texas. On the other hand, the small fry, who peddle their two's, ten's, or twenties at a small profit, go merrily on making a modest living with a colorless racket which has the one advantage of not stirring up the best brains in the detective division.

Indeed, even if you nail one of these slickers red-handed in the act of hoodwinking

you, what are you going to do about it? He's got you by the short hair because you're a merchant and you don't want to insult a customer any more than you want to have an unpleasant scene in a store full of people. And when all is said and done, his story is that he only made a mistake, anyhow. And this psychological advantage is the strong

tion that the boss didn't need any dimes, and would the clerk take them back and give him bills, in any convenient denominations, instead. Sure he would—and did. Whereupon the con hid himself to the next cigar store up the street and pulled the same routine. And so on, almost ad infinitum.

The catch was that when each clerk came to "break" the first of the rolls of dimes he had taken back, he discovered that the wrapper, instead of containing dimes, enclosed a bar of lead.

ANOTHER gag which once met with considerable success in the big stores involved a purchase running to \$400 or \$500—usually a fur coat. Early in the day a woman shopper would look at a number of different models and finally select one which pleased her, telling the salesgirl that she would take it with her. In payment, she would offer a crisp \$1,000 bill—not a common denomination, obviously, and one that would be sure to cause some eyebrow lifting all along the line.

Invariably there was some delay behind the scenes while the note was passed from one "expert" to another in an effort to determine whether it was a good one, and usually somebody was sent scurrying off to the bank with it to make sure. The further delay thus caused would be, of course, pie for the swindler, who would suddenly lose her patience, have a violent tantrum in the showroom, and being gravely insulted, call the whole deal off.

Perhaps by this time the merchant had learned that the bill was perfectly good, but there would be no placating the indignant woman, who would demand her money back and depart in a huff.

Just before closing time, however, she would reappear, apologetic for the scene she had caused. She'd explain that she'd been to other stores and couldn't find as nice a coat for the money, and ask if they still had the one she liked. They did. Once again the \$1,000 bill would appear, the transaction would then go through with alacrity, and the customer would leave with her coat and her change in almost nothing flat.

But this time the bill would be counterfeit!

Another slick money-changing swindle which also is perpetrated in the larger stores has a shoplifting angle on the side. A woman goes in to buy a dress for about \$25, and in the course of trying on one after the other, she carries on a considerable conversation with the salesgirl. In this chatter the customer makes a point of relating a joke or some incident which is certain to make

a marked impression on the salesgirl. Then, after paying the \$25 or so for the garment selected, the customer leaves with her purchase.

Meanwhile, her confederate has been browsing around the same department with her eye peeled. And when she sees which dress her partner is buying, she lifts one identically like it, slips it into her bag or bundle (shoplifters commonly carry a "bundle" wrapped in paper and tied with twine, which is merely an empty box with a flap on the side toward the body but much less suspicious-looking than the time-honored handbag), and departs with it.

Next day the purchaser gives her sales slip to her shoplifting partner, and the latter returns the dress to the refund counter and gets her money back. A few days later the first woman returns to the salesgirl with the dress she bought, explains that she will have to ask for her money back as her husband won't stand for the purchase, and says that she has mislaid the sales slip. If necessary, she can easily identify herself, of course, by retelling the saleswoman the story she told her the day she made the purchase. And with her recollection satisfactorily renewed by that anecdote, the girl has no hesitation about



The swindler, insulted, would have a tantrum in the showroom and leave with her \$1,000 bill

going to the section manager and assuring him that the garment was bought there and the woman is entitled to her money.

Thus the store unwittingly acts as a fence for the thief who stole the merchandise from them in the first place and then blandly sells it back to them at the regular retail price.

VERILY, the ways of the money-changers are numerous and diverse and a constant source of concern for the poor merchant who never knows what to be suspicious of next. He has learned by now, perhaps, that it is usually bad business to give change on a check for a purchase the amount of which is smaller than the check—even though the customer offering the check has been in a number of times before. Indeed, even the passers of counterfeit bills are smart enough to make numerous visits to a store, handing out a good \$5 or \$10 bill each time until the acquaintanceship tends to lull suspicion when the phony note is passed.

Consequently, even though a storekeeper has seen you half a dozen times recently, don't get miffed if he seems a bit shy about playing ball when you blithely flash a \$20 bill on him. You may be a pillar of the church and the money may be fresh from the Mint, but that's precisely what he thought about the money-changer who fleeced him a couple of months ago. And merchants, like elephants, never forget.

CON MEN'S METHODS OF MULCTING MERCHANTS ARE MANY. HOW GULLIBLE WOULD YOU HAVE BEEN IF A SLICKER HAD TRIED THESE DODGES ON YOU?

point which makes the numerous money-changing swindles so common.

THE lads who prey on the lunch wagon and coffee pot proprietors with the phony \$10 bill carry the psychological attack to the ultimate degree to serve their ends. They employ, as a matter of fact, the only method for getting the victim actually to demand that he be given a counterfeit note. In this case, the procedure is for the swindler to go into the lunch wagon or cheap restaurant and give the boss a pitiful tale about being broke and hungry, and could he have a cup of coffee and a roll.

Even the most hard-boiled guy will usually soften to that plea. After the visitor has partaken of his nourishment and is thanking his host, he pulls his handkerchief out of his pocket—and a \$10 bill flies out with it and falls across the counter.

Furious at having been taken for a sleigh ride, the proprietor, with appropriate expletives, pounces on the bill, rings up 10c on the register, gives the "bum" his change in good United States money. He may also give him a good boot in the pants, gratis. But in any case the proprietor's blood pressure is up, his cash on hand is down \$9.90, and he hasn't a legal leg to stand on, because the passer didn't offer the bogus bill to him—he grabbed it of his own free will.

Don't get the notion, however, that these money-changing swindles are worked exclusively on tank-town hash slingers or little old maids in gift shoppers who are supposed to be just too gullible for words, for one of the smartest gags ever pulled was worked the whole length of Broadway on the most blasé and skeptical of all retail clerks—the chain cigar store boys. Starting way downtown, a lad in his shirt sleeves and hatless breezed in one morning with three or four \$10 bills in his hand and asked for a couple of rolls of quarters, dimes, and nickels. Chain stores usually have reserve change in small coins, and the clerk accommodated the fellow, who said he was from such-and-such a store across the street and whose appearance seemed to support his statement.

In a few moments, however, he was back with two rolls of dimes and the explana-



Furious, the proprietor pounces on the phony swindle, forces \$9.90 in good money on the "bum"

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THE PERSONAL TOUCH

MARJORIE MURRAY, 731 N. 79th St., Seattle, Washington, tells us, "I discovered THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE about a year ago and since then I have not missed a copy. I find that when I begin to read it, I just can't finish until I have read it from cover to cover. I found enjoyment in reading this poem, so I am sending it on to you."

SUNSHINE AND ROSES

I'd rather have sunshine and roses,
I'd rather be happy and gay,
I'd rather be singing and cheerful
Than down in the dumps any day.
So I mold my face like a sundream—
Smiling will make it that way.
If I can't have all that I long for,
I'll have a good time anyway!

—GLADYS MELROSE GEARHEART

MANY thanks to Mrs. Carl Wilhelmson, 930 Hays St., San Francisco, California, for sending this verse.

THE CAT

The cat's a four-legged quadruped,
Not content in his tail,
The mouse is the fobby cat,
And Thomas is the male.

The cat it is carnivorous,
Although to milk inclines,
It makes a jump out of its back,
And whiskers it looks fine in.

No home should be without the cat,
Especially where there's mouses.
It never goes away, the cat,
But stays just where the house is.

—ANTHONY KENDERSON BOWER

"I HAVE been a reader of THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE for several years and never miss a copy if I can help it," writes Earl Moore, 345 N. 7th St., Salina, Kansas. "Some time ago one of your readers contributed the famous words of Davy Crockett, 'Be sure you're right, then go ahead.' May I submit this amendment?"

Be sure you're wrong before you quit.

MANY thanks to Paul Sonnenborn, 413½ S. Cordova Lane, Alhambra, California, for sending these lines.

How lovely common things
Must seem to you,
Who have such lovely eyes
To see them thoughtfully!

—SHERRY KING

FAIRY SLEDD, R. R. 1, Sterling, Colorado, sends this verse, for which we are most grateful.

MY GUIDING STAR

Some folks hitch their wagon
To a brilliant star,
Guided by a gleam that shines
In the skies afar.

Everybody follows
Some fair beacon true;
Each an inspiration knows—
In my case it's YOU!

—EDITH B. SMITH

OUR thanks to Mrs. Ralph V. Cram, 15456 Van Owen St., Van Nuys, California, for sending us this reprint verse.

If you want to work for the kind of firm
Like the kind of firm you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.
You'll only find what you left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new;
It's a knock at yourself when you knock
your firm;
It isn't your firm—it's you.

Good firms are not made by men afraid
Lest someone else get ahead.
When everyone works and nobody slacks,
You can raise a firm from the dead.
And if, while you make your personal stake,
Your neighbor can make one, too,
Your firm will be what you want it to be.
It isn't your firm—it's you!

THEODORE FISHER, 4449 Irving St., Denver, Colorado, writes, "I think you may like this poem, which I heard set to music as an impressive anthem. I do not know the author, but the composer's name was given as Shaw."

O, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!

Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there.
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example

Of Him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth term our Father's temple.

Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.
Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor

Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease.
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the trees of peace.

(Please turn to page 12)

THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR

HOW well I remember the old family doctor. Every step of his on the creaking stairs as he ascended toward my room was reassuring. It wasn't that he did so much. He bent his shiny bald dome over my chest and said, "Breathe deeply." He poked around below decks. He hemmed and hawed a bit, pulled up the covers with a quiet finality, and, gently confident, gave his verdict. "I don't see but that you're all right," he said. "I'll be around tomorrow just to make sure. You'll be on your feet again soon!" That made me feel half cured already and once more unafraid of the future. His visit was the visit of a wise friend. He didn't speak like an oracle, he didn't string out a lot of technical names, and his bedside manner was comforting rather than professional.

Medicine has made great strides since those days. Physicians, like the members of every other profession, have gone in for specialization. On the whole, the results have been gratifying. But we have run into one or two who overworked the specialist business and they made us feel like one of Matthew Arnold's characters who pleaded:

Nor bring to see me cease to live
Some doctor full of phrase and fame
To shake his sapient head and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

The old family doctor was not a fashionable physician. He didn't have to play up to rich hypochondriacs. His method of treatment was simple and based on a few sound medical principles. When I hear some of these fashionable modern specialists discuss their newfangled notions, I always think of the doctors created by the French playwright Moliere. Perhaps you remember the answer his Sganarelle gave Geronte when the latter remarked that the heart was on the left side and the liver was on the right. "Yes," Sganarelle said, "it was so formerly, but we have altered all that. Now we practice medicine in quite a new way."

The old family doctor went about his work with humility. He mixed his drugs himself—something which would horrify many specialists today. He looked on his job more as a means of assisting nature than as an abstract study of complex cause and effect. The old-fashioned doctor regarded the human body as a single organism, not as a collection of individual parts, only one of which interested him. He knew us as human beings, not as subjects for experiments. Why, he knew our bad habits and our good traits; what we were afraid of and what we could face. He knew that sometimes we worried about God, and he liked us for it. He knew that we are more interested in knowing that we are going to live than in the details of how we shall eventually die.

So, we wish we could send for the old family doctor again. For the old family doctor, with the modern physician's knowledge of science and his own gentle humanity, would be the perfect man to call in an emergency.

Specialization has its value, undoubtedly, even if in many cases it goes too far. But it was the old family doctor with his understanding of us as human beings, and in his role of priest-physician-friend, who brought us cheer and increased our desire to live in a way which more technicians seem unable to do.

Alden Wilson

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